

The Musical World.

(REGISTERED AT THE GENERAL POST-OFFICE AS A NEWSPAPER.)

"THE WORTH OF ART APPEARS MOST EMINENT IN MUSIC, SINCE IT REQUIRES NO MATERIAL, NO SUBJECT-MATTER, WHOSE EFFECT MUST BE DEDUCTED: IT IS WHOLLY FORM AND POWER, AND IT RAISES AND ENNOBLES WHATEVER IT EXPRESSES."—Goethe.

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SATURDAY, APRIL 28, 1877.

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HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE, HAYMARKET.

Opening Night of the Season.

THE Nobility, Gentry, Subscribers to the Opera, and the Public are respectfully informed that the Season will commence THIS EVENING (Saturday), April 28, on which occasion will be presented BELLINI'S Tragic Opera, "NORMA." Follione, Signor Fancelli; Orovoso, Signor Broccolini; Flavio, Signor Rinaldini; Adalgisa, Mdlle A. Valleria; Clotilde, Mdlle Flomina; and Norma, Mdlle Tietjens. Director of the Music and Conductor, Sr MICHAEL COSTA. In the course of the evening will be sung the National Anthem.

On TUESDAY next, May 1, "IL TROVATORE." Leonora, Mdlle M. Nandori (her first appearance); Manrico, Signor M. Cabero (his first appearance).

Subscription Night (in lieu of Tuesday, Aug. 7).

On THURSDAY night, May 3, "UN BALLO IN MASCHERA." Amelia, Mdlle Caroline Salla (her first appearance); Oscar, Mdlle Mita Rodani (her first appearance in that character).

On SATURDAY next, May 5, "LA TRAVIATA." Violetta, Mdlle Christine Nilsson (her first appearance this Season).

The doors will open at a Quarter before Eight; the Opera will commence at Half-past Eight o'clock.

Stalls, 25s.; Dress Circle, 15s.; Amphitheatre Stalls (first two rows), 10s. 6d.; Other Rows, 7s. 6d.; Gallery Stalls, 6s.; Gallery, 2s. 6d.

Applications for boxes, stalls, and places to be made to Mr Bailey, at the Box Office of Her Majesty's Theatre, under the portico of the Opera-house, Haymarket. Tickets also at all the librarians and music-sellers.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—SATURDAY CONCERT.—THIS

DAY. The programme will include:—Overture and Opening Chorus, *The Raising of Lazarus* (J. F. Barnett), first time at these Concerts; Symphony No. 2, in D (Beethoven); Scena, "Loreley" (List); Andante and Allegro, for Violoncello and Orchestra (Mouque); Miriam's Song of Triumph (Schubert). Vocalists—Mrs. Osgood and Mr. Edward Lloyd. The Crystal Palace Choir. Solo Violoncello—Herr Robert Hausmann (Professor at the Royal School of Music, Berlin), his first appearance. Conductor—Mr AUGUST MANES. Numbered Stalls, in Area and Gallery, Half-a-Crown; Unnumbered Seats, in Area and Gallery, One Shilling.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—SIXTH TRIENNIAL HANDEL

FESTIVAL.—For the convenience of those wishing to take seats for the three days of the Festival, SETS only of TICKETS may be had this day and during the week at the Crystal Palace and Exeter Hall. The Ticket Office will be open from Ten till Four.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—SIXTH TRIENNIAL HANDEL

FESTIVAL.—Prices of Sets, including admission—Central Area, Three Guineas and Two and a Half Guineas; Galleries, Two and a Half Guineas and Two Guineas.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—SIXTH TRIENNIAL HANDEL

FESTIVAL.—TICKETS for the REHEARSAL DAY may now be had at the Ticket Office and at Exeter Hall. Stalls (exclusive of admission), 7s. 6d. and 6s.; Admission Tickets, Half-a-Crown.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—SIXTH TRIENNIAL HANDEL

FESTIVAL.—SINGLE STALL TICKETS may be had on after Monday, April 30. 25s., One Guinea, and 15s.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—SIXTH TRIENNIAL HANDEL

FESTIVAL. The Handel Festival Pamphlet, containing full particulars of Arrangements, Places, Prices of Seats, &c., may now be had on application at the Crystal Palace and Exeter Hall.

RUBINSTEIN.

ANTON RUBINSTEIN begs to announce that he will give SIX PIANOFORTE RECITALS, at ST JAMES'S HALL, as follows:—MONDAY Afternoon next, April 30; WEDNESDAY Afternoon, May 9; MONDAY Evening, May 14; WEDNESDAY Afternoon, May 16; MONDAY Afternoon, May 28; and SATURDAY Afternoon, June 2. Stalls, 7s. 6d.; Balcony, 3s.; Admission, One Shilling. Tickets now ready, and may be obtained at the usual Music-sellers and Libraries.

ANTON RUBINSTEIN will give an EVENING CONCERT of CHAMBER MUSIC at ST JAMES'S HALL, on FRIDAY, May 25, commencing at Eight o'clock. Tickets as above.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA, COVENT GARDEN.

First Appearance this Season of Mdlle Albani.

THIS EVENING (SATURDAY), April 28, will be performed "I PURITANI." Elvira, Mdlle Albani (her first appearance this season); Mdlle Ghiotti; Signor Graziani, Signor Bagagiolo, and Signor Gayarre.

Next Week there will be Five performances.—Signor Gayarre.

On MONDAY next, April 30, "LES HUGUENOTS."

On TUESDAY next, May 1, "LA SONNAMBULA." Amina, Mdlle Albani (her second appearance this season).

On THURSDAY next, May 3 (in lieu of the Subscription for Saturday, Aug. 4), "UN BALLO IN MASCHERA." Signor Gayarre.

On FRIDAY next, May 4, "DON GIOVANNI." Mdlle Zare Thalberg.

The Opera commences at Half-past Eight.

The Box Office under the portico of the theatre is open from Ten till Five. Pit tickets, 7s.; Amphitheatre Stalls, 10s. 6d. and 5s.; Amphitheatre, 2s. 6d.

WAGNER FESTIVAL.

ROYAL ALBERT HALL, MAY 7, 9, 12, 14, 16, 19.

WAGNER, CONDUCTOR.

WILHELMJ, LEADER OF ORCHESTRA.

DANNREUTHER and RICHTER, Conductors of Rehearsals.

MATERNA, UNGER, HILL, and other Singers from Bayreuth.

PRICES OF ADMISSION to each Concert:—Private Boxes, from 5 Guineas; Amphitheatre Stalls, 1 Guinea; Arena Stalls, 15s.; Balcony (first three Rows), 10s.; other Rows, 10s. 6d.; Orchestra, 5s.; Organ Gallery, 5s.; Gallery, 2s. 6d. Tickets, Programmes, and all information may now be had at the Royal Albert Hall; of the usual Agents; and of

HODGE & ESSEX, Directors.

Chief Ticket Office, 6 and 7, Argyll Street, Regent Street, London, W.

MUSICAL ASSOCIATION, 27, HARLEY STREET, W.

THIRD SESSION, 1876-7. SIXTH MONTHLY MEETING, on MONDAY, May 7, 1877, at Five o'clock precisely. A Paper "On the Gymnastic Training of the Hand for performing on Keyed Instruments," will be read by STEPHEN S. STRATTON, Esq., of Birmingham. CHARLES K. SALAMAN, Hon. Sec. 24, Sutherland Gardens, W.

PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY. Conductor—Mr W. G.

CUSINS. MONDAY, April 30, at Half-past Eight, ST JAMES'S HALL. Pianoforte—Mrs Beesley. Violoncello—Herr Hausmann. SYMPHONY (MS.) by SILLAR, &c. Vocalists—Mdlle Patey and Mr Barton McGuckin. Stalls, 10s. 6d.; Tickets, 7s., 5s., and 2s. 6d.

MISS ALICE MAY will appear in MANCHESTER THEATRE ROYAL on MONDAY next. Her tour is a most brilliant success, and she has received flattering notices in every town she has visited.

MISS ALICE MAY "is as fascinating and spirituelle as she is clever."—*Advertiser*. "With the aid of such an artist light comic opera might once more enliven our evenings."—*Telegraph*.

MISS ALICE MAY'S "triumph was no mere succès d'estime, but a thoroughly deserved conquest. The Australian Nightingale is a born actress; she is a pearl of price."—*Dispatch*. "One of the most brilliant performers that has been seen for years."—*Sunday Times*.

MISS ALICE MAY'S "same refinement of manner and quiet unobtrusiveness of style was apparent in Lange as in the rôle of Gero'stein's feminine governor."—*Standard*. "Her reception was more than a success, it was a triumph. Her voice is beautifully clear, tuneful, and 'young'; her art is elegant and piquant, full of grace and epiglerie; and her personal attractions are very considerable."—*Irish Times*.

MISS ALICE MAY'S new Ballad, "UNREST," composed expressly for her by G. B. ALLEN (words by RITA), and sung everywhere, always commands an enthusiastic encore. "Both as regards words and music the best song we have seen for a long time past."—*Dramatic News*.

THE STRAIN TO PHRENSY LED.*

BY PENCERDD GWFFYN.

I'll tell thee, child, why I did start and change,
Why tremors seized me as thy voice did range,
In dulcet accents, o'er that simple lay
Thou sang'st but now, to wile the hour away.
Stay, no! thy tender age forbids the tale
Of sin and shame, o'er which is drawn the veil
Of time. Yet, pout not, child, with baffled mien,
I yield; though speech shall cost me anguish keen.

The theme, which thou wast warbling low and mild,
Recalled scenes of grief and horror wild;
The voice of Fate was in thy melody.
Like Hades' gate, ope'd by an angel's key,
It brought before mine eyes those terrors dire,
Which scorched my soul as with consuming fire.
The day's far back, amongst my happier years,
When first the strain fell on my wond'ring ears,
And ne'er did siren's song more ruin bring
Than that soft lay the beauteous one did sing.

I cannot tell thee, child, how wondrous fair
Was she who, with enchantment, sang that air.
Her lips were parted, as celestial portals
An ogress gave the messenger to mortals;
A beaming ray upon her cheek was shed,
As love from out the pearly gateway sped.
No words can speak those full and tender eyes,
Which to her voice made thrilling harmonies;
They were swift witnesses unto the love
Writ in that message sent from heav'n above;
Yet were precursors of the spoken word,
As lightnings flash before the thunder's heard.
Her charms were many as the earth's fair flowers,
Or, as the stars, which shine through darkest hours,
And all were bound and hallow'd by a voice,
Which could old surly Chaos make rejoice.

What tones she breath'd I can't to thee impart,
To trace their grace is far beyond my art.
A limner shows, with skill and glowing charms,
Th' extended scene, of varied hues and forms;
But who can trace the changing, subtle spirit
That moves in sound, or who proclaim its merit?
Her voice was pure as dew of early morn,
And fresh as buds which in the spring are born;
As bright as ray of sun, and clear as day,
Now warm as summer's heat, now cool as spray.
All these its beauty fail to image forth;
The heart's emotions better hint its worth.
A mother's love, my child, thou well hast known
(Nay, weep not, dear! to heav'nly rest she's flown);
That tender love which bound and rul'd thy heart,
Was like the force that sweet voice did impart.

The song, in which her voice took shape and form,
Was that calm strain which called up the storm
In my sad, troubled soul, as thou didst sing.
The spirits, good and bad, when travelling
To earth, will each a different guise assume;
But never did an angel's gorgeous plume
Appear more radiant, than the luring strain,
Which did, for aye, my spell-bound soul enchain.

As gentle zephyrs on the lake will breathe,
And o'er its face a rippling garland wreath;
The tender melody so on me stole,
To move with bliss the currents of my soul.
Beware! the passions raging unto death,
Need not, for aid, a hurricane's fierce breath;
The heart, alone, can its own tumult make,
If once love's faintest breeze but o'er it break.
The pleasant thought grew to a wilder joy,
And quick to phrensy did all peace destroy.

I sought th' enchantress, whose light word had power
To call the storm, which threaten'd to devour
My overtaken soul—no voice could quell
Those madd'ning waves, but that which wrought the spell.
As humble suppliant at her feet I bow'd;
With passion's phrensied force my love I vow'd;
A love that sued as slave, yet did aspire
All her full heart's affection to acquire.

* Copyright.

Like shipwreck'd wretch dash'd from the saving plank,
So sank my soul in woe and despair blank;
When she with words of hate my true love spurn'd,
And from my sight, with scornful glances turn'd.

Then all was chang'd, my child, in earth and skies;
The stars, which erst beam'd mild as angel's eyes,
Now burn'd with fiendish fire. The pregnant cloud
Of April morn, like some huge hill, seem'd bow'd
To crush me. Day put on the garb of night:
All fair was foul; and wrong unknown from right.
As warped mirrors falsely things reflect,
So my bent soul saw Nature's order wreck'd.
Amidst this chaos the beloved appear'd,
Through tumults fierce her voice was ever heard:
That form and voice, as tyrants, did expel
Each friendly power from my heart's citadel.
How long they held me slave! till tardy aid
From Time's slow legions came. At length array'd
In freedom, I, my longing steps, did wend,
To share delights of regain'd home and friend.

A calmness fell, like down from angel's wing,
On my pleas'd heart; peace ruling everything;
Then later smiling came sweet cheerfulness,
Until replete I seem'd with happiness.
Now fuller were the harmonies around;
Each joy more priz'd that had been lost and found.
With friendship's merry throng I mix'd again,
Nor fail'd with quip and jest to entertain.
None sharing more in mirth and harmless glee
Than I, so lately steeped in misery.

The many flashing lights from mirror'd wall
Refulgence shed, where I kept festival;
And music, with voluptuous warmth and glow,
Made in each heart ecstatic currents flow.
More blinding than the light shone woman's eye;
And killing wit caused sweetest sounds to die.
In each delight I shar'd, nor shunn'd the glance
Of any fair, nor fail'd in merry dance;
Nor let the wine-cup often pass unquaffed,
But sportively at care and grief I laughed.

A sudden lull o'er boisterous pleasure dropp'd;
Gay dancers ceased, and noisy rev'lers stopp'd
To listen to a voice, which softly broke,
And bound loud mirth to silence 'neath its yoke.
Transfixed I stood; scarce could my heaving breast
The bursting of my throbbing heart arrest.
That voice, like trumpet-tongue of cruel Fate,
For e'er did hopes of bliss annihilate.
It led me through the great applauding crowd,
To where th' enchantress stood, and, smiling, bow'd;
Nor needed I the witness of mine eyes,
The strain she sang could ne'er admit disguise.
My child, thou canst not dream the loveliness
Of her now clothed in pure bridal dress.
The rapturous glance she gave him by her side,
Prov'd lightning flash that blasted all my pride;
A furious madness seized my tottering brain,
As she renew'd the phrensy of that strain;
A piercing shriek! and

More I cannot tell;
A dark oblivion o'er my senses fell.
Oft hast thou wonder'd at these blinding tears—
At locks grown grey without long-number'd years.
Say not, dear child, no more thou'lt sing that strain!
Time oft culls bliss from that which caused pain.
May not the theme I thought all joy possess'd
Be heard with hallelujahs of the bless'd?

April 19th, 1877.

BORDEAUX.—Rossini's *Moïse* was lately performed at the Grand-Théâtre for the first time in this city.

GENOA.—The Corporation have decided on giving Petrella a public funeral. The musical part of the ceremony will include a *Requiem* by the deceased composer himself.

PESTH.—Mlle Etelka Gerster has created as much enthusiasm here as in Berlin. She made her appearance in *Lucia*, was recalled frequently after the mad scene, and nearly smothered with garlands and nosegays.

(From "Punch.")

Diary of my ride to Khiva.
On the road to Khiva.

Tuesday.—Left St Petersburg early. [I pass over my ride from Paris to St Petersburg, as nothing happened of any consequence. I was belated for one night, and ran short of provisions; but—you know what a good Legerdemainist I am—well, I made an omelette in my hat, drank a glass of Pommard (this sounds like something for the hair, but it isn't, when properly pronounced) from the inexhaustible bottle (both tricks are worth a traveller's while to learn—and for a soldier the cannon-ball in the hat is most useful—of course I have the whole bag of tricks with me), made an orange tree grow, took an orange for dessert, and went to sleep. Next afternoon I was ready—aye ready.]—Rode for fifty miles. 7.30 a.m.—Came on a dead Flat. No name or address. Wondered who he was. Telegraphed to Necropolis Company to say there was a job on hand, would they undertake it?

8.50.—Very cold. Saw a Frozen Sound. This will give you some idea of what Negretti and Zambra might mean when they say, "How cold it has been to-day!" Always thought (till I knew they sold barometers) that Negretti and Zambra were clog-dancers, or nigger duettists, at a music hall, with a breakdown. Wonderful sight a Frozen Sound. Perhaps it was the last sound uttered by the dead Flat. I put it into my *cornet-à-piston*, and blew it to warm it. "No effects," as they say at my bank. My Driver, who accompanies me on a sleigh (this isn't a musical instrument, so you mustn't be misled when I say he "accompanies me on it") observed that "he thought it was an echo from the hills, which had lost its way, and been frozen to death."

12 mid-day.—Stopped to *lunchski*, as we call it in this country. The Driver eats tallow candles, wheel grease, and drinks *wickski*—a Russian spirit distilled from candle-ends. A Russian never takes a bath, he always goes in for a *dip*.

2.—Between Drinkomaviski and Bakkakhan. Lost our way, and dined with a farmer. He said he thought there wouldn't be any war. At least he hadn't heard anything about it. After dinner, I slept in a pigstye, and resumed my journey at 4 a.m. Took with me a little pig. Poor little chap, he squealed very much, and nearly woke the farmer, who would have been grieved to part with him. So I put a gag in his mouth, and thus avoided what might have been a painful scene. Removed gag when at a distance of two miles from the farm. I shall educate this pig: as he has commenced by having a "gag" in his mouth, perhaps I had better bring him up for the stage. Put my horse tandem-fashion in the sleigh, so as to allow myself more leisure for teaching the pig.

11 a.m.—Pig already beginning to master his letters. I fancy someone has given him his rudiments before. There is a twinkle in his eye that I don't half like. One thing is comparatively reassuring, he does not show much aptitude for cards.

Friday.—Came to a sign-post. Examined it. Found I had been for two days riding towards Persia. Worked my compass and took a turn to the right. After *lunchski*, had half a game of Beggar my Neighbour with the Pig, and rode on. Pig improving, but still stupid. He will cry whenever he sees the Ace of Spades, and I cannot make out why. The sleigh-driver doesn't know.

6 p.m.—Cold and raw. So cold and so raw that I shall be very glad when it's hot and quite done. Arrived at a *shebenski* rejoicing in the name of The Rose Bud. Called for some of their best, and "nipped" it in the Bud. Gave Piggy a drop of strong *wickski*. It made his tail curl. Piggy vain of the effect, but evidently much pleased, and wanted to play me at *écarté*. Refused. But what I will do is to teach Piggy All Fours. If he learns it, I can make a fortune, as no one knows the game out here. Sat up all night hard at work with Piggy. Driver asleep.

Next Day.—Met a Tartar Gentleman on the road. He asked us to share his dinner with him—*potski-luckski*, as they call it here. We accepted; my sleigh-driver, myself, and the pig. The Tartar Gentleman got the worst of it at dinner, as we were three to one. After dinner played him at All Fours. The Tartar Gentleman won the first game, but we played three more. Cleared him out of his roubles, and rode on quickly in the direction of Khiva.

The Tartar Gentleman subsequently rode away to the nearest police station. In consequence of this, we had a difficulty later on at a Russian *Stashunhouski*, but fortunately made friends with the *Inspektorski*, who was much amused with the Pig's tricks, also with my omelette in the hat, inexhaustible bottle, and little Joey in the bag. I gave him an invitation to call on me whenever he might be coming to town, and then rode on, *briskli*, as we say in Russia, in the direction of Khiva. Rub a Russian the right way, and you won't catch a Tartar. Expect next telegram in a couple of days, as snow-storms have set in, and there's a talk of Wolves coming down and attacking Travellers. Now for real excitement!

I don't wish to throw any discredit on a gallant officer, but no one knows Captain Burnaby on the road that I am riding to Khiva. Odd. Just heard a Wolf in the distance. If one comes too near, I shall mention Mr Gladstone's name, and see if that will frighten him. No signs at present. Great cry, but little Wolf.

CRYSTAL PALACE CONCERTS.

(From an Occasional Correspondent.)

SIR,—The mental stomach demands variety quite as much as its grosser twin brother. As Charles Lamb himself would scarcely have enjoyed a two-hours' dinner of even the most delicate crackling or luscious pig's ears, so does a sensitive mind protest against the custom of celebrating the anniversaries of Beethoven, Mendelssohn, &c., with concerts consisting exclusively of music by the composer immediately honoured. How much, then, must said mind have been strained and tried by such an entertainment as, last Saturday afternoon, brought crowds to the Crystal Palace. Such entertainments, however, bear an analogy to horse-flesh or vegetarian banquets, agreeable to the layman's palate only occasionally; at the same time it is as well to remark that they should be the exception and not the rule. First and foremost item in the programme was the *Ocean Symphony*; and it cannot be said that Herr Rubinstein has proved himself equal to the task of composing a work thus entitled. The colouring almost throughout is plainly oceanic, but the symphony, taken as a whole, is flat; its six movements contain ideas too samish, treatment of ideas too samish. A cause for this impression of sameness may perhaps lie in its extreme length and spun-outness. The second and third movements seem not indispensable to the music; and it may be questioned whether the first movement alone would not have made a more effective Ocean symphonic poem than the whole six together make an Ocean symphony. This first movement, with its eminently marine opening motive, produces a deep impression; the imaginative listener seems to be borne to where the ocean waves are rolling, quietly enough, amongst jagged groups of rocks, as the night tide rises, the said motive in the soft notes of the flute, and then given out by the oboe, suggesting the rippling water with the moonbeams dancing thereon. A series of commonplaces, including a trivial harp part, constitute the first *adagio*; but the second is much more interesting. The Beethoven-like (according to E. P.) scherzic emanations from Herr Rubinstein's brain, as shown in the fifth movement, border on the ridiculous. A desire was manifested to encore it; but *scherzi* generate this desire in most audiences. The *trio* is decidedly pastoral, as are some parts of the last movement. Patchiness characterises this last movement, composed as it is of pastorals, barcarolles, and a staid *chorale*. Each movement was much applauded. The operatic vocal duet, though not very interesting, received full justice from Mdles Arnim and Friedländer. The latter also gave in an artistic manner a song, "Tragödie," accompanied by the composer, and was recalled. Of course, our hero achieved every success for his interpretation of his own concerto in F—with a fetching *finale*, i' troth!—and quite brought down the house by his gymnastic *bravura*. No soloists bring down houses now-a-days except in pieces bristling with difficulties or sensationalisms. More shame to *virtuosi* in particular and the public in general. The last piece in the programme was the overture to *Dimitri Donskoi*, which has decided merit.

Sunday, April 22, 1877.

POLKAW.

VIENNA.—On the 19th inst., Mad. Marchesi celebrated the 25th anniversary of her vocal professorship at the Conservatory of Music. Congratulations, by letter or telegram, poured in from all parts of Europe, for she has friends and admirers wherever music is loved and cultivated. Mad. Marchesi, whose maiden name was Mathilde Graumann, first saw the light at Frankfort-on-the-Maine. She pursued her studies in Paris, being a pupil of Garcia for singing and of Samson for elocution. Among her own pupils may be mentioned Gabrielle Krauss, Etelka Gerster, Caroline Dory, Antoinette Frici, Ilma di Murska, Caroline Smeroschi, Anne d'Angery, Anne Riegel, Louise Radecke, and many other favourites. Mad. Marchesi has, also, published works on singing, including a method: *Ecole Marchesi—l'Art du Chant*. She is honorary member of the Saint Cecilia Society of Rome, and holds the Cross for Merit, in Gold, with the Crown (rarely given to a lady), bestowed three years ago by the Emperor of Austria.

Queen Christine.

(By Submarine and Transatlantic Telegraph, Chicago, Dec. 23, 1870.)*

Mdlle Christine Nilsson and party arrived from Detroit last evening at 8.20 on the Michigan Central Railroad. Only a dozen or two were at the depot when the train arrived, and they evidently did not see the great cantatrice, who, walking quickly to a carriage, was driven

To the Sherman House.

A number of gentlemen, not satisfied with staring at the various lithographed faces of the cantatrice, displayed in the shop windows for the past two months, had gathered in the office to catch a glimpse of Mdlle Nilsson as she passed from the entrance to the stairway, but a black veil was drawn over her countenance! Having reached her apartments, she was soon in readiness to

Meet the Committee

of the Svea Society—Messrs T. A. Hussander, C. O. Langey, and Charles Scendel. The gentlemen saluting her, Mr Hussander formally extended to her an invitation for the grand reception at German Hall. Mdlle Nilsson accepting, the committee left her to supper and repose. Being much fatigued by the journey, she remains in her apartments to-day, avoiding as much as possible the curiosity which will not let her alone.

Mdlle Nilsson's Party

numbers ten, consisting of herself; the manager, Max Strakosch; her intelligent agent, Mr Jarrett, of London; Mrs Richardson, an elderly English lady companion; Signora Brignoli, Verger, and Vieuxtemps. Miss Cary, of Boston, also of the party, is stopping with a friend at No. 838, Michigan Avenue. Two servants, one male and one female, accompany Mdlle Nilsson. The party at the hotel occupy ten rooms. Mdlle Nilsson has a parlour and sleeping room (Nos. 41 and 43) on the third floor, north-east corner of the building. There was to have been a serenade last night in her honour, but it was relinquished because of her indisposition.

The First Concert

takes place to-night at Crosby's Operahouse. It was expected that every seat in the house would be sold before five o'clock; but owing to the prevalence of the storm there was one seat unlet at the time of closing the box-office. The one seat will be hungrily canvassed for this morning. Whatever may be said about high prices, it is evident that the public wants to hear the Nilsson company; and that settles the business part of the transaction. As to equity, consider 1,200 dols. a night *prima donna*, with wages, &c., of agent, three servants, and lady companion; then Vieuxtemps, who must draw about 200 dols. a night; Miss Cary, Verger, Brignoli, also expensive stars; an orchestra of twenty-five—the whole footing up at not less than 2,600 dols. a night. Consider that parquette and dress circle of Operahouse contain but 1,316 seats, only a small decimal sold at the highest price—4 dols. Compare what you get for your money at a Nilsson concert with what you get at a dollar concert, and cease to croak about unreasonable prices. As instances of how holders of good seats are selling them to others unprovided, take quotations of actual sales yesterday at Sherman House, where a Nilsson Exchange has been organised.

One superstitious gentleman has paid 150 dols. for a four-seat balcony box, and would have paid more if asked. Balcony boxes before this evening will fetch from 100 to 300 dollars—with privilege of being present on opening night. Single seats on front row of dress circle at 15 dols. each. Front seats in the balcony circle 10 dols. each. Seats in third and fourth row of dress circle 7.50 dols. each. Gallery front seats in as great demand as well-located ones in other tiers—high figures to be had.

The Programme.

(May be left to the imagination of curious readers.)

The Banquet and Reception

given to Mdlle Nilsson by her fellow Scandinavians of Chicago takes place at the German House on Thursday evening—grand affair. The event of the night will be the presentation to the exquisitely fair and illustrious Swede of a golden crown and laurel wreath of gold, unparalleled in workmanship since Benvenuto Cellini.

* Delayed in transmission.

MUSIC AT BOULOGNE-SUR-MER.

(From a Correspondent.)

To "cap" the lines with which I headed my last letter, I might say, "It's all over, children! Let's put away the puppets." I thought when I wrote you that the theatrical season being over, we had acted on the suggestion of the great author I had quoted; but Mdlle Lyonnell and M. Davy, two artists whom I have often mentioned in your columns as playing prominent parts during the last season, thought proper to speculate in a benefit for themselves on April 7th, and they had a benefit; giving, with the aid of M. de Palfrey and Mdlle Durochelet, several short pieces and a miscellaneous concert. M. Quettier's lectures, illustrated by theatrical tableaux and scenes, have proved successful; so much so that he has announced a series of *soirées lyriques*, assisted by MM. Davy and de Palfrey (of Brussels) and Mdlle Durochelet. It seems that M. Pousard, director of the Etablissement last year, had so far forgotten to fulfil his engagements that some winter concerts were owing to the town. To meet this emergency, he has just got out of the difficulty, "on the quiet," by giving, every Monday during the last month, concerts for various charities—"The Hospital," "Les Secours," and "Pour les pauvres familles Anglaises"—entrance FREE; with a plate at the door, into which listeners to the discordant strains of a second-rate band, if generously so minded, put in 50 centimes! Result for charity, "Nil." I am afraid the management at the Etablissement will be no better this year than last.

Boulogne-sur-Mer, April 26, 1877.

X. T. R.

ORGAN RECITAL.

On Wednesday last Mr W. T. Best gave a recital on Mr N. J. Holmes' fine organ at "The Hall," Primrose Hill Road. We annex the programme:

Prelude and Fugue in E flat major (Bach); Andante in B flat major (Romberg); Grand Chœur in A major (Salomé); Andante in F sharp minor (S. S. Wesley); Organ Concerto in A major (Handel); Andante con Variazioni in F major (W. T. Best); Pastorale in G major (C. M. Widor); Adagio in F major (F. Kuhlstedt); and March (W. T. Best).

The Prelude and Fugue were marvellously well rendered, all the workings of the subject being so clearly and admirably brought out as to thoroughly delight the audience. Mr Best was obliged to rise and bow his acknowledgments. Wesley's beautiful Andante showed the executant in another but no less pleasing light, using the resources of the instrument with consummate skill, giving each phrase with that exact quality of tone best suited to it. Mr Best showed himself as perfect a master of this style of organ playing as he is of the more mechanical portion of his art. The Pastorale and Adagio are useful, no doubt, as show pieces for particular stops, and as such served their purpose; but they have little intrinsic merit. Mr Best played two of his own compositions, surmounting their enormous difficulties with the greatest ease, and was loudly applauded at the conclusion. The next recital is announced for Wednesday, May 2nd.—T.

ST GEORGE'S HALL, LIVERPOOL.

Programme of Organ Recitals by Mr W. T. Best.

THURSDAY EVENING, APRIL 26th:—

Fantasia, in F minor	Aug. Freyer.
Air, "Flowers blooming"	Schubert.
Andante for the Organ, in E flat major	W. T. Best.
Echo and Fugue, in B major	Bach.
Triumphal March, <i>Siege of Corinth</i>	Rossini.
Variations on an Original Air	S. S. Wesley.
(Composed for the bells of Holdsworth's Church, in 1873.)	
Overture, <i>La Clemenza di Tito</i>	Mozart.

SATURDAY AFTERNOON, APRIL 28th:—

Overture, <i>Faniska</i>	Cherubini.
Air, "Farewell, ye limpid springs"	Handel.
Variations on a Russian Church Melody, by Borntuinsky	Aug. Freyer.
Adagio from Fourth Symphony	Liydn.
Organ Sonata, No. 6, in D minor	Mendelssohn.
Allegro Gioioso	W. T. Best.

PARIS SCRAPS.

(From our Parisian Scrapper.)

It never rains but it pours, we are told. The truth of the assertion may sometimes be doubted—especially in April, which is, or ought to be, with proper meteorological arrangements, characterised by merely passing showers—but, in the matter of new operas here, it is at the present moment beyond dispute. Hardly has M. Gounod's *Cinq-Mars* seen the light of the float, than we have *Le Bravo*, in three acts and four tableaux, words by M. Emile Blavet, music by M. Gervais Salvayre, at the Théâtre-Lyrique; and *Les Cloches de Corneville*, in three acts, words by MM. Clairville and Ch. Gabet, music by M. Robert Planquette, at the Théâtre des Folies-Dramatiques; while, save for the indisposition of Mlle de Reszké, the list would have been increased by Massenet's *Roi de Lahore* at the Grand Opera. Even the last work will, in all probability, have been produced before these lines appear in print.

Some years ago M. Blavet warmly espoused, in the columns of *Figaro*, the cause of M. Salvayre, who, in his opinion, had been unfairly treated by the authorities of the Conservatory. This was the beginning of an acquaintanceship, since ripened into a warm friendship, between the musician and the journalist, both natives of the south of France. Thus it came to pass that the chief editor of *Le Gaulois*, for such is the post now occupied by M. Blavet, figures as librettist of *Le Bravo*. It is that gentleman's first essay as a dramatic writer, and we may, perhaps, regret that M. Salvayre, himself a novice on the stage, did not select as collaborator someone possessing theatrical experience, even though he might not be actuated by such disinterested friendship as to undertake a task for which he was not well fitted. If your friend falls overboard and you throw a hencoop after him for him to catch hold of, it is as well to see that the hencoop in its descent does not knock him on the head and send him at once to the bottom. It is not so certain that, in his wish to help, M. Blavet has not injured his *fidus Achates*. Without declaring the book of *Le Bravo* utterly bad, I may conscientiously characterise it as not good. Some of the lines in it are excruciatingly funny, exactly where emotional or deep feeling would not be out of place. The plot is unskillfully constructed. Jacopo, the Bravo, a gallant soldier in the service of the Venetian Republic, finds, on returning from a campaign, that his old father is condemned to death for having attempted to kill a villain who has seduced his daughter, Giovanna. The hapless maiden dies of grief and shame. Her father is sentenced to the block. Crushed though he is by sorrow, Jacopo exerts himself so effectively as to obtain from the dread Council of Ten the commutation of his father's punishment into imprisonment for life. But to this act of mercy there is a condition, namely: that Jacopo shall become a bravo of the State. One of the judges, Contarini, has persistently opposed any change in the old man's original sentence, and another Tiepolo, has, with equal warmth, advocated it. The former is the villain who has caused all the mischief. Despite their different views as regards the punishment to be inflicted upon Giovanna's father, Tiepolo entrusts the guardianship of his beautiful daughter, Violetta, whenever he may die—which he of course does at once—to Contarini. That choice specimen of what the Queen of the Adriatic can turn out in the way of native aristocracy informs his fair ward that she must either marry him or enter a convent. Violetta is averse to adopting either alternative, being devotedly attached to Lorenzo di Montfort, in every respect as eligible a match as Contarini is the reverse. But the young couple are helpless of themselves, and, however poignantly Lorenzo may suffer, when, with the dread of the convent door closing for ever upon his mistress, he exclaims, in two lines with rather a strong touch of bathos about them,

"Couper ces blonds cheveux
C'est outrager les cieux,"

we become painfully alive to the fact that the cause of virtue runs a great risk of being lost. At this juncture, a *deus ex machina* appears—not unexpectedly, I confess—in the person of Jacopo. This exceptionally amiable member of a by no means highly respected profession, obtains, in some mysterious manner, an order depriving Contarini of his authority over Violetta. Nothing daunted, Contarini, every bit as mysteriously, obtains a second order annulling the first, and reinstating him as the young lady's guardian. Hereupon, Jacopo, flinging off his mask, challenges and kills the

wicked Contarini, which he naturally would not do earlier, because, had he been so precipitate, the libretto would have come to a premature close. After the happy decease of Contarini—using the epithet inspired by a proper sentiment of retributive justice—the lovers and their deliverer sing a barcarolle and escape, accompanied by Annina, a waiting woman, and Gino, a boatman, who represent the comic element in the story.

M. Salvayre has already had an Overture from his pen performed at the Concerts Populaires and a Symphony at the Concerts du Châtelet. But *Le Bravo* is his first contribution to the lyric stage. One conviction which we gain from the score is that M. Salvayre has diligently studied the productions of Gounod, Wagner, Adolphe Adam, and, above all, Verdi, and recollected them "not wisely, but too well." This is injurious to his originality. He exhibits a marked preference for loud rather than delicate effects. While not despising trumpets and trombones, he is especially fond of the big drum, which he introduces even into a simple song. Among the most noteworthy numbers, I may mention a chorus for female voices which is taken up by the men; Lorenzo's serenade, "Venus à l'horizon scintille;" the Bravo's couplets beginning with, "Quel sinistre dessein;" the duet between Lorenzo and Violetta; the Bravo's recital, which, by the way, is much too long, in the third act; the religious chorus in the fourth tableau; Violetta's song, "Est-ce un crime d'aimer la vie?" a duet between the same lady and Jacopo; the scene of the duel; and the grand finale. The ballet music is not the least interesting portion of the opera.

The cast may, on the whole, be termed satisfactory. Mlle Heilbron was heard to advantage in the part of Violetta. Mlle Berthe Thibault did her best vocally, and tried to be arch and amusing, as the waiting maid, Annina. M. Bouby sang well and acted intelligently as the sombre but virtuous Bravo. M. Lhéry was the representative of Lorenzo; M. Gréssé figured as Contarini. M. Caisso, as Gino, exerted himself most laudably to be funny, but the result did not correspond with his good intentions. The responsibility of his non-success, however, must be attributed not so much to him as to the librettist. The two *premières danseuses*, Mlle Théodore and Mlle Maillart, deserved all the applause they received. The scenery was beautiful, the dresses superb.

The *répétition générale*, or grand rehearsal, of *Le Roi de Lahore* came off on the 21st, the place of Mlle de Reszké, unable through indisposition to attend, being filled by Mlle Baux. No one—except the three or four hundred persons employed about the theatre and the members of the "Commission d'examen"—was present. M. Halanzier addressed a letter on the subject to each of the Subscribers, who have hitherto enjoyed the privilege of attending such rehearsals. Here is a translation:—

"Paris, the 15th April, 1877.

"SIR,—In virtue of a long established custom which I respected, the Subscribers of the Opéra have hitherto attended most of the grand rehearsals of new works. I greatly regret being compelled to discontinue this custom, and beg to give my reasons for so doing. Grand rehearsals, whatever pains may be taken with them, are, after all, only preparatory essays. When it is the work of a master which is involved, we may venture to let the public into the secret of the last part of our labours; but this does not hold good in the case of a young composer, whose whole future depends on an impression which may be more or less unfavourable, and which there is always a great difficulty in afterwards modifying. In the present instance, with a profound consciousness of the grave responsibility resting on me, I resolved not to present M. Massenet's work to you until I had bestowed on it all my attention up to the very last moment. I trust you will appreciate my scruples at their just value, and see in them above all things not only a very natural feeling of solicitude for a young and very promising artist, but, also, the ardent desire which animates me to give you satisfaction by neglecting nothing calculated to attain as complete a result as possible. I am, sir, your obedient servant, the Manager of the Opéra, HALANZIER."

This letter has considerably "flattered the Volscians." The said Volscians, otherwise the Subscribers, do not appear over delighted by "Halanzier's" "ardent desire" to give them satisfaction. They will not surrender their privilege without a struggle. The representatives of the press, too, are included among the persons affected by the manager's ukase, and some of them have shown signs of discontent. How it will all end I cannot say. But, for my own part, I think "Halanzier" right. In my opinion,

the practice of admitting the public—for as such I regard the Subscribers, select though they may be—to rehearsals is as much to be deprecated as the custom, so dear in the time of Shakspeare and of Molière, of being seated on the stage during the performance.

I must reserve till my next what I have to say about *Les Cloches de Corneville*.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

(Condensed from an original document.)

The original operahouse in the Haymarket, erected in 1703, by Sir John Vanbrugh, was opened in April, 1705, and destroyed by fire, June 17, 1789. The re-building was commenced with little delay, and the foundation stone of the new house laid by the Earl of Buckingham, April 3, 1790—Novosielski being architect. The exterior was re-modelled by Nash and Repton, in 1820, the interior having been twice re-modelled, first by Adams, then by Novosielski. The auditorium was reduced and the stage enlarged in May, 1865. In the night of December, 6, 1876, another conflagration destroyed the theatre.

There was some delay in arranging for re-building, but designs (except the Haymarket facade and some external walls) were prepared by Messrs Lee Brothers & Pain, the contract was signed by Messrs Trollope & Sons, on May 28, 1868, and the works were completed in April, 1869, when it was hoped that operatic performances might be given.

Difficulties of a legal nature, not connected with the capabilities of the building, resulted in its being closed to opera for ten years (1867–1877). Messrs Moody and Sankey, in 1875, taking advantage of it for an entertainment of another kind.

On March 28 of the present year Mr Mapleson took possession of the theatre, with a little over four weeks at disposal to entirely fit it up. Work was commenced by Messrs Trollope & Strode, under directions from Messrs Lee Brothers & Pain, the furnishing and upholstery being entrusted to Messrs Maple.

As now arranged, the theatre affords sitting accommodation for 1,890 spectators, there being four full tiers of boxes and one half circle tier, the centre portions of the two pair and one pair tiers respectively being thrown open as amphitheatre stalls and dress circle. There is also a gallery with four rows of stalls in front, and slips at the side over the half-circle boxes. The whole pit is appropriated for stalls.

The building has been constructed with the minimum amount of combustible materials, corridors, stairs, and floors, where practicable, being of stone or concrete, and staircases so arranged that no part of the auditorium is without two independent means of exit. Ample provision has been made with the Water Company's main against damage from fire, hydrants, with hose, branches, and buckets, being conveniently at hand.

A separate entrance, with staircase and retiring room, leads to the royal box. On the level of the grand tier there is a saloon, 58 feet by 20 feet, a ladies' saloon of elliptical form, with domed ceiling, a second saloon in connection with the two-pair tier of boxes and retiring rooms, &c., in proportion.

The approaches to the gallery, gallery stalls, and amphitheatre are two staircases, with entrances from the arcade. Those to the other portions of the auditorium are through the large entrance hall, staircases, and corridors next the Haymarket. There are also doors opening upon the arcade.

The decorations of the interior are of Italian "Renaissance."

The ceiling of the auditorium, a flat dome, springing from pendentives, with small additional dome over sunburner, is enriched with colour, the raised centre-piece mouldings with gilt. In each of the eleven radial compartments is an oval panel containing the portrait of an eminent composer, the pendentives and springing of the dome being decorative painting.

The proscenium opening is surrounded by a gilded ornamental frame, with ornamental frieze and cornice over, surmounted by a trophied achievement (the work of M. Protât), representing Apollo supported by Tragedy and Comedy.

The front of the boxes, excepting the grand tier, are panelled, with centre-piece mouldings and enrichments, in tints and gilded. The front of the grand tier is of O G form.

The auditorium is lighted by a large sunburner, hung as chandelier—twelve feet in diameter and eighteen feet high.

The stage is so arranged as to be worked with cloths, and to provide conveniently for spectacular effects.

The act-drop, by the late Mr Telbin, is a composition of columns and satin drapery, in the centre being an adaptation of Raphael's Parnassus, at the Vatican—figures by Mr John Absalom.

The following are some of the chief dimensions of the building:—Proscenium opening, 39 ft. 6 in. wide by 36 ft. high. Stage, 95 ft. wide, 62 ft. deep from float, and 70 ft. high from stage floor, depth below stage being 23 ft. Height from pit floor to centre of auditorium ceiling, 63 ft.; distance from act-drop to front of boxes 70 ft.; width across auditorium, between box fronts, at widest part, 56 ft.

ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

At the fortnightly meeting of professors and students, held in the new concert-room on Saturday evening, April 21, the following was the highly interesting programme:—

Sonata, in C (1st movement), pianoforte (Woelfl)—Master Gwyn, pupil of Mr Kemp; Song, "The first violet" (Felix Mendelssohn-Bartholdy)—sung by Miss Wrigley, pupil of Mr Benson—accompanied on the pianoforte by Mr Luton; Tema con Variazioni and Rondo, from Sonata in D, Op. 12, violin and pianoforte (Beethoven)—Miss Ada Brand, pupil of Mr Sainton, and Miss Edith Brand, pupil of Mr Westlake; Trio, "Mi lagnero facendo" (Mozart)—sung by Miss Geddes, Miss Webb, and Mr Williams, pupils of Mr F. R. Cox—accompanied by Miss Ethel Goold, Lady Goldsmid Scholar; Intermezzo, Faschingschwank, Op. 26, and Scherzo, Op. 32, pianoforte (Schumann)—Miss Colman, pupil of Mr Westlake; Duet, "Song of the little birds" (Rubinstein)—sung by Mrs Crosmond Turner and Miss Reimar, pupils of Mr Randegger—accompanist, Miss Ethel Goold; Variations, on an Original Theme, in A, organ (Hesse)—Mr George Hooper, pupil of Dr Steggall; Song (MS.), "The faded violet" (Ernest Ford, Sir John Goss Scholar)—Mr Seligmann, pupil of Dr Sullivan and Mr Garcia—accompanist, Mr Ford; Allemande, Gavotte, and Gigue, from Suite in G, pianoforte (Bach)—Miss Mosely, pupil of Mr F. B. Jewson; Duet, "Hope on earth," from the opera of *Charles II.* (G. A. Macfarren)—Miss Goodwin and Mr Jarratt, pupils of Mr Fiori—accompanist, Miss Lock; Andante con Variazioni, in D, pianoforte and violoncello (Mendelssohn)—Miss Godfrey and Mr Elliott, pupils of Mr Brinley Richards and Mr Walter Pettit; Song, "Er der Herrschste" (Schumann)—Miss C. Thomas, pupil of Mr Goldberg—accompanist, Mr Hooper; Fantasiestücke, "Grillen," "Warum?" "Aufschung," pianoforte (Schumann)—Miss Korner, pupil of Mr O'Leary.

These private meetings, forming part of the educational course, are intended to enable professors to observe the general working of the institution, and to promote the interest of the pupils in each other's progress.

ROYAL AQUARIUM.

A series of four Promenade Concerts was begun here on Saturday under the direction of that excellent musician, M. Riviere, who conducted the performances admirably. A capital orchestra of about seventy instrumentalists, including some skilled soloists, and occasionally reinforced by the band of the Scotch Guards, gave several pieces—overtures, dances, and adaptations from operas—with the utmost effect. Vocal solos were contributed by Mme Antoinette Sterling, Miss Cora Stuart, and Signor Foli, besides part singing by the choir of the Royal Aquarium. The concert was altogether well calculated to interest a miscellaneous audience; and the unusually large attendance on Saturday night promises well for the success of the remaining performances.

Every solo singer and every orchestral player did all that possibly could be done for the general effect, and the warm applause that followed piece after piece bore witness to the satisfaction experienced by the audience. M. Riviere had a truly cordial reception. The appearance of the hall, brilliantly lighted up, was magnificent.

ST JAMES'S HALL,
 REGENT STREET AND PICCADILLY.
 MR CHARLES HALLÉ'S
 Pianoforte Recitals.

MR CHARLES HALLÉ has the honour to announce that his SEVENTEENTH Series of PIANOFORTE RECITALS will take place on the following Afternoons:—

FRIDAY, May 4, 1877.
 FRIDAY, May 11, "
 FRIDAY, May 18, "
 FRIDAY, May 25, "

FRIDAY, June 1, 1877.
 FRIDAY, June 8, "
 FRIDAY, June 15, "
 SATURDAY, June 23, "

As on several previous occasions, Mr CHARLES HALLÉ, during the following Series, will introduce Concerted Music into his programmes, each Recital to terminate with one of Beethoven's Trios for pianoforte, violin, and violoncello. In addition to the three Trios, in E flat, G and C minor, Op. 1, the two in D and E flat, Op. 70, and the Grand Trio in B flat, dedicated to the Archduke Rodolphe (Op. 90), presented in chronological order, the Variations on the air, "Ich bin der Schneider Kakadu," Op. 121a, and the Variations in E flat, Op. 44, will be included—the latter for the first time. The programme on every occasion will contain a work by Johannes Brahms, comprising, among other compositions, the Quintet in F minor, the three Quartets for pianoforte and stringed instruments, the Trio for pianoforte, violin, and violoncello; the Trio for pianoforte, violin, and horn; the Sonata in F sharp minor, for pianoforte, *solus*, &c. The remaining items will be selected from the works of masters universally recognised as "classic," as well as from those by distinguished representatives of the modern school. Mr HALLÉ will play Schubert's Fantasia in C major, Op. 15; Schumann's Fantasia in the same key, Op. 17; "Kreisleriana," Op. 16; "Davidsbündler Tänze," Op. 6; and "Scènes Mignonnes" ("Carnaval"), Op. 9; Clementi's Sonata, "Didone Abandonnata;" Chopin's Sonata in B flat minor, &c., &c.

For the concerted pieces, Mr HALLÉ has secured the co-operation of M^{me} NORMAN NERUDA (first violin), Herr L. Ries (second violin), Herr LUDWIG BRAUS (viola), Herr FRANZ NERUDA (violoncello), and other eminent Artists. With their aid he hopes to impart to his programmes such variety as may afford satisfaction to his many and constant supporters.

Each Recital will occupy two hours in performance—commencing at Three o'clock and ending at Five p.m.

The customary analytical notices will accompany the programmes.

PRICES OF ADMISSION.

	For the Series.	Single Tickets.
Sofa Stalls, numbered and reserved	£2 2 0	£0 7 0
Balcony	1 1 0	0 3 0
Area		0 1 0

Subscriptions received at Chappell & Co.'s, 50, New Bond Street; Mitchell's, 33, Old Bond Street; Olivier's, 38, Old Bond Street; Keith, Prowse, & Co., 48, Old Bond Street; Hay's, 4, Royal Exchange Buildings; Austin's Ticket Office, 28, Piccadilly; and by Mr CHARLES HALLÉ, 11, Mansfield Street, Cavendish Square.

Subscribers wishing their Seats reserved are requested to notify their intention to Messrs Chappell & Co., on or before Monday, May 1.

NOTICE.

To ADVERTISERS.—The Office of the MUSICAL WORLD is at Messrs DUNCAN DAVISON & Co.'s, 244, Regent Street, corner of Little Argyle Street (First Floor). It is requested that Advertisements may be sent not later than Thursday. Payment on delivery.

The Musical World.

LONDON, SATURDAY, APRIL 28, 1877.

UNDER a heading long familiar, an amiable and eloquent enthusiast, whose signature, "Flamingo," is no less familiar, has submitted to us a paper which, however rhapsodical, cannot but brilliantly illumine our too often sombre pages. We therefore present it to our readers. Ho! Turn on the gas! *Cordon, s'il vous plait!*

Musical Meanderings.

There is a habit, bred of the superficial thought and feverish hurry of the age, to generalise under some elastic term that which may be obscure, and therefore irreducible to general laws; and this habit, like most other "royal roads," is a short cut to the land of mystification and mystery—or what such words imply, misapprehension of a subject. Among these elastic terms, which at one time are compressed to a meaning little better than contemptuous, while at another they are stretched to meet the highest altitude of mental power, is the misused word "genius"—a word originally intending a bygone superstition. Many who freely play with a high sounding, but pregnant expression, would be puzzled to give either its defini-

tion, or their application of it. When they speak of *genius*, what do they mean? Do they mean a higher order of talent than is generally met with? That extravagant use of some one power, to the exclusion of others, which produces the result we call "eccentricity?"—or something indefinite which, repulsive or attractive, agreeable or unpleasant, is felt as an unusual sensation by all in spite of themselves; which creates an impression deep and lasting, transient and startling, according to temperament, but always as a thrill of life, a vibrating pulse, telling that this is no gigantic self-acting machine of which we are the destructible atoms, but that there is—we know not how nor where—that beating heart of which humanity loves to dream, but which humanity fails to reach.

Wherever and however this strange intangible power is felt, it should be venerated and cherished as precious; it is to the material world as the blood to the human frame. Nor should it be approached in a carping, cavilling spirit; the wings that give their possessor the freedom of the great aerial road must be expected to soar far above the beaten tracks of pedestrianism. It may be asked, how are we to recognise this "spark of celestial fire," whose effects are so cleverly imitated and assumed by mere talent?—how discriminate between one who reels among us, "drunk from the banquet of the gods," and one who is merely the clever actor of the divine madness? We need scarcely trouble ourselves; the vindication of genius is safe in its own hands; hide the smouldering fire as you may, sooner or later the flame bursts through every obstacle.

A strange instance of the certainty of the ultimate success of genius is the career among us of the extraordinary musician, Anton Rubinstein. Some thirty-five years ago, before tourists had turned the Rhineland into a mere stepping-stone to newer scenes, a party of English, enjoying the landscape from one of the Rhine steamers, were somewhat astonished to see a young lad, accompanied by a grave gentleman who proved to be his tutor, sitting quietly at a keyboard, over which his fingers were rapidly moving. Hour after hour, he sat there, apparently unconscious of the scenes around him, working at the soundless keys. This was young Rubinstein, practising at his "dumb piano," either with the ardour which a great writer has finely called the "passionate patience of genius," or the insensibility of the ductile machine worked by another mind, which is ordinarily the so-called "prodigy"—in those early days, it was hardly possible to guess which. The rough, shaggy lad was on his way to London, where he was heard, but little thought of—his playing, though forcible, being uncouth and unkempt as his outward self. This was the time when the smooth and dulcet caressing of the instrument by Thalberg's delicate hands fanned the hearts of gentle audiences into a warmer admiration than had been already excited by his classic profile and elegant appearance; when Liszt had alternately repelled and attracted by his weird chromaticism; when the handsome Adolph Henselt, pet of the Russian Court, unable through caprice or nervousness to face a London public, gave semi-private recitals to a select few at Erard's. Such were powerful rivals to the half-fledged Russian lad.* But, nothing daunted by a somewhat cool reception, he was to be heard again a few years later in London concert-rooms; his crudities of style developed into a mighty power, the wildness and irrepressibility of youth replaced by a passionate and fiery zeal, that, sweeping away those artificial boundaries, the proofs of ordinary talent, seemed by its very force to make sound alive. Still, he failed to seize the public mind, perhaps because he appealed to their taste merely as executant. In 1859 or 1860, when he announced an orchestral concert for the purpose of introducing a symphony and concerto of his own, the half-empty benches were tenanted by musicians and amateurs who obtain free entry to concert rooms—the real "public" not being there.

Some would have shaken the very dust of so insensible a country from their feet, with a vow never to be contaminated by it more; but with the same "passionate patience" with which the boy manipulated his dumb key-board on the Rhine steamer, Anton

* Most powerful of all, however, was Charles Filtch, Chopin's beloved pupil—against whom Rubinstein had no chance. And little wonder. Filtch was art in all its heavenly purity.—D. P.

Rubinstein has come among us, once again. Now, in 1876 and 1877, the enthusiasm of crowded audiences has crowned the laudable persistence of our artist. The welcome and glory denied to tones singing with youth is lavished upon tones worn out with years of labour. Success is a problem difficult to solve.

Although the zenith of the great pianist and composer is past, he was never heard to better advantage than on Saturday last at the Crystal Palace. His second concerto, though perhaps least interesting of the five, abounds, particularly in the *finale*, with difficulties impossible to less than stupendous power; but in the hands of its composer, these difficulties seem a sport, and only recur to the memory of the hearer as a species of mental puzzle.

As conductor, M. Rubinstein proved his right to claim among the greatest. On no occasion has the Crystal Palace orchestra been heard to higher advantage than under the simple but majestic sway of his *bâton*. The *Ocean* Symphony, a musical poem so suggestive that each movement would demand a separate essay, was rendered with a grandeur, precision, and refined delicacy which would have been impossible had not the sympathies of the musicians been as utterly at the command of their illustrious leader as were their instruments to his beat. The ordinary languor of a hard-worked orchestra seemed to have given way to a restless energy . . . but is this surprising?

Crystal Palace, April 21st, 1877.

Doubtless, august August (manns of men!) will forthwith deliver his conductor's stick into the hands of the terrific Moldo-Wallach. Flamingo! Flamingo! O! why art thou not Cassowary?—or at least Cassiopea—as brightest of the Stars Thirteen?

Post Rubinsteinum.



Spiers and Ponds—High Level.

SIR CAPER O'CORBY.—Begorr!
MR LAVENDER PITT.—Aw!
SIR CAPER O'CORBY.—Bedad!
MR LAVENDER PITT.—Aw!
SIR CAPER O'CORBY.—Be the hand of me body!
MR LAVENDER PITT.—Aw! Aw!
SIR CAPER O'CORBY.—Two hours and one half!—be the ribs of min' uncle!
MR LAVENDER PITT.—What did you think of *Dimitri Donskoi*?

SIR CAPER O'CORBY.—Bedad! if it hadn't come afther all that went before it,—

MR LAVENDER PITT.—Aw! Well?

SIR CAPER O'CORBY.—Be the scalp of min' enemy!

MR LAVENDER PITT.—Explain.

SIR CAPER O'CORBY (*despondingly*).—Querums!

MR LAVENDER PITT.—Querums?

SIR CAPER O'CORBY (*furiously*).—Querums! Querums! The second of five! Begorr!

MR LAVENDER PITT.—Aw! "E. P." says that much.

SIR CAPER O'CORBY.—Be the beard of me grandmother! And th' other four!

MR LAVENDER PITT.—Aw! Don't hear 'em.

SIR CAPER O'CORBY.—I shall rethurn to Castle Crowe!

MR LAVENDER PITT.—Aw! No.

SIR CAPER O'CORBY.—Thin—let's go to Bee and Bottle.

MR LAVENDER PITT.—Aw! Yes.

SIR CAPER O'CORBY.—And get dthrunck—

MR LAVENDER PITT.—Aw! No. They're rehearsing *Mazeppa*.

SIR CAPER O'CORBY.—Begorr!

[*Exeunt from C. P., per train, 5.30.*

At the Bee and Bottle.



SIR FLAMBOROUGH (*solus*).—By Jove! I've heard two or three rehearsals and one performance. *Ocean*—this particular *Ocean*—is hard to fathom (*tries to fathom*). It goes down to E, and I expected it would bring up a big fish. But no! A tiny fish rises to the surface for a breath of air, and instead of Rubinstein catching him, it is Heine's tiny summer bird. Happy as the fish on water brink, or as the poet sluggishly dosing amid the sun-parched grass, this tiny bird perched upon

"the topmost twig that looks up at the sky"—

flies down with swift pinions, and gobbles up the unsuspecting fishing, who, satisfied with the apology, *natura rerum*, does not, like bewildered Porson, say, "Confound the nature of things!" It seems to me that whenever Rubinstein gets down to the bottom of *Ocean* he ascends to the surface less acquainted with the wonders of the deep than before! *Quid tum?* I thought once that "F. M. B." by the side of "R. S." (and later—*pace* "A. M."—by the side of "F. S.") was a humbug. I am now in better keeping, thanks, in a measure, to Dishley Peters, Theophilus Queer, Abraham Sadoke Silent, and Arthur Sullivan—"A. S.," first to deceive, but last to undecieve; I don't count "Higher Development." Yet recently, through the influence of Académus and Athenæus, I have got somehow into a kind of Raffish groove. "A. M." has persuaded me how what Hans von Bülow says of Raff—*videlicet* (ask John Broadwood & Sons), that he (Raff) is the living Beethoven—must be more or less true. Yet I can't dive more comfortably to the bottom of *Ocean* than, erewhile, I dived to the bottom of *Lenore*. So I am glad that Académus wrote fourteen pages, about nothing, in the programme. Nevertheless, I must use my best endeavours (*tries to fathom*). By Jove! I can't reach the depths of it. *N'importe!* "Greater Cape" and "Lesser Cape" will both write something; and Jeremy Naylor is sure to preach an eloquent sermon in the Temple. For my own part—by Jove!—I wish "A. M." would stick to Palais Royal composers, and send the Spree to Old Nick. Tchaikowsky, Académus informs me, is no joke; nor is the Spree precisely his river-course. I should have gathered as much from *Romeo and Juliet*; but Académus, the greatest Wagnerian authority carrying a portmanteau, insists that I am mistaken. If I went for a spree, I should certainly not direct my steps towards this "*Ocean*."

Enter WAITER.

SIR FLAMBOROUGH HEAD.—I didn't ring.

WAITER.—No, sir; but Sir Caper and Mr Lavender did. They ask to see you.

Enter SIR CAPER O'CORBY and MR LAVENDER PITT.
 SIR CAPER O'CORBY.—Bedad! I thought you were here.
 MR LAVENDER PITT.—Aw!
 SIR FLAMBOROUGH HEAD.—I'm absorbed in "Ocean."
 SIR CAPER O'CORBY.—Go to Mutton Island!
 MR LAVENDER PITT.—Aw! He can't. Thaddeus has been to Cardiff.
 SIR CAPER O'CORBY.—Be the toes of St Patrick! Is't that you mane? Oorah for O'Blannaghan! What thin! Thread on me skirts!
 MR LAVENDER PITT.—Aw! No.
 (SIR FLAMBOROUGH falls asleep over score of "Ocean.")
 SIR CAPER O'CORBY.—Be the shade of min' elbow! Head has gone turned! He snoores! Bedad!
 MR LAVENDER PITT.—Aw!
 SIR CAPER O'CORBY.—Academus has taken it out of 'im.
 MR LAVENDER PITT.—Aw! Yaas! What?
 SIR CAPER O'CORBY.—Thin 'nalyzes signed "E. P."
 MR LAVENDER PITT.—Aw!
 SIR CAPER O'CORBY.—And now and thin signed "A. M.?"
 MR LAVENDER PITT.—Aw!
 (Noise in smoke-room—Crash of orchestra.)



SIR CAPER O'CORBY.—Begott!
 MR LAVENDER PITT.—Aw! (Exeunt to smoke-room.)

Enter MUMBO and JUMBO.



MUMBO.—Dannreuther, 'im conduct 'aff 'arsall.
 JUMBO.—Richter, 'im conduct t'other 'aff 'arsall.
 MUMBO.—Wagner, 'im conduct 'ole 'ormance.

(Soft sounds from smoke-room.)



JUMBO.—'im Ocean!
 (From smoke-room.)



MUMBO.—'im Ocean! No, 'im 'zeppa—'im Judy, after 'im Punch.
 (Enter SIR CAPER O'CORBY and MR LAVENDER PITT hurriedly.)
 SIR CAPER O'CORBY.—I wish, bedad! Mazeppa was at the bottom of "Ocean!"
 MR LAVENDER PITT.—Or "Ocean" a' back "Mazeppa!"
 SIR FLAMBOROUGH HEAD (awakening, still ruminates over score).—By Jove, I cannot fathom it!

(Music in smoke-room.)



SIR FLAMBOROUGH HEAD.—There again. If Arthur were only here!

Lightning and Thunder.

SIR FLAMBOROUGH HEAD.—By Jove! A storm's coming—
 Wraith appears.



SIR FLAMBOROUGH HEAD.—By Cox and Box, 'tis he!

Exeunt MUMBO and JUMBO severally.

WRAITH, (in sepulchral voice).—Ponder that bass which descenderth.
 Stop when thou gett'st to C.

[Exit SIR CAPER O'CORBY.]

SIR FLAMBOROUGH HEAD.—What then, benignant shadow?

WRAITH.—More when we meet again. Stay fired upon that C.

SIR FLAMBOROUGH HEAD.—Explain, I prythee!

WRAITH.—Ask Academus. Sleep on't. Fathom! Fathom! Fathom!

SIR FLAMBOROUGH HEAD.—By Jove! I'll sleep at home. I'll fathom in my sleep! I'll descend an octave lower. To fathom I'm resolved. I have no end of line.

[Exit HEAD, cautiously.]

MR LAVENDER PITT.—I can't stand Ocean after Mazeppa. This time I shall think of parasol. I hate to lose parasol.

[Exit with parasol.]

Enter MAN WITH UMBRELLA.



MAN WITH UMBRELLA.—So! Think I'm in time. (*Looks about for umbrellas*). Want one more to make twelve. So! Don't see umbrella. Not even shadow of umbrella. Not even Pitt's new parasol. Humph! *Ocean* don't take like "*Mazeppa*." They go into smoke-room at "*Mazeppa*," and come out of smoke-room at "*Ocean*." *Ocean* best heard at distance—eh? So! I must wait for *Nibelungen*. That has brought, and will bring, umbrellas, 'specially when first scene of *Walküre* is rehearsing. I'll come at same period. (*Looking about*). There's something even now—at any rate, Sir Caper's bacey box. Well! I'll take that, and leave my umbrella. It's worse than the last.

[*Exit, inwardly chuckling.*]

Schluss folgt.

M^DME CHRISTINE NILSSON's short engagement at Brussels has been a triumphant success. The Swedish songstress is daily expected in London to fulfil her engagement with Mr Mapleson.

M. FAURE has terminated his series of performances at Marseilles, and goes thence to Toulouse. The progress of the great baritone in Southern France has been everywhere that of a conqueror. Julius Cæsar could not have said with more truth—"Veni, vidi, vici." M. Faure is expected daily in London.

THE charming and intelligent young vocalist, M^{lle} Mila Rodani, has come back to us again, as a member of the company at Her Majesty's Theatre. Mr Mapleson may be fairly congratulated on this his latest acquisition.

A VERY interesting programme, dated 11th Feb., 1852 (apropos of the notice in our pages last week of the London Glee and Madrigal Union), has been forwarded to us for perusal. The "Union," then consisted of Mrs Endersohn, Miss M. Williams, Messrs Lockley, Francis, Henry Phillips, and Edward Land, who were engaged by Miss Binfield, of Reading, to give a morning and evening concert on the same day, both of which proved most successful. Miss Hannah Binfield informs us that the programme was taken from "a precious list of oratorios, concerts, &c., given by her father, brother, sister, and self, dating from 1806 (before the writer, Miss Hannah Binfield, was born), up to March 6th, 1877."

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OCCASIONAL NOTES.

ARABELLA GODDARD IN PARIS.—M^dme Arabella Goddard's first concert in Paris, which she has not visited professionally since, as a mere child, she was the favourite pupil in the classes of the late Kalkbrenner, who used to call her "une Marie Pleyel en herbe," seems, judging by the notice in the *Ménestrel*, to have been a genuine success. M^dme Goddard played concertos by Beethoven and Mendelssohn, with orchestra, besides a number of solo pieces. The conductor was M. Pasdeloup, who might do worse than persuade his new *protégée* to introduce to his anti-Wagnerian and pro-Wagnerian compatriots one of the concertos of Sterndale Bennett, not a single note of whose music (*proh pudor!*) has ever yet been heard in the "city of civilisation and the arts"—M. Victor Hugo's city; in short, the city of "sweetness and light." M. Louis Blanc, by the way, would put in a word for Sterndale Bennett and another for Arabella Goddard, both of whom were so greatly admired by his intimate friend, the late Heinrich Ernst, with whom he used to play chess so often in "unmusical" but artistically well-meaning London.—*Graphic*.

THERE are times and epochs in which almost all sense of beauty seems to have deserted the producers in art, and I fear we live in one of these. They strive after the new, the exciting, the piquant, and *effective*. They want to surprise and even to dumbfounder you. Cost what it will, they are determined to be deep, original, and clever. They confound the beautiful with the conventional—with what has superficial polish; and they despise the beautiful, simply because they scarcely comprehend it. True it has been given only to the rarest geniuses in art and poetry to be at the same time deep and beautiful; but why not at least strive to reach them? The beautiful, after all, is—and will remain—the most beautiful.—FERDINAND HILLER. (*Briefe an eine Ungenannte*.)

HERR ELLINGER, tenor of the National Theatre, Pesth, was starring lately at the Koinische Oper, Vienna. One of his characters was Eleazar, in *La Juive*. After the performance, he received a visit from an aristocratic patron of the stage, who, when visiting Pesth some five-and-twenty years ago, made a point of going to the National Theatre, where he knew all the artists. Mindful of old acquaintanceship, he came on the stage of the Koinische Oper, after the last act, and, going up to Ellinger, shook him heartily by the hand. "I am delighted," he exclaimed, "that such a father possesses such a son!" "Son!" said the tenor, "I have no son." "I am speaking of your father, who was at the Hungarian National Theatre." "He is there still." "Can it be possible! Does not sing still?" "Most decidedly." "Has he strength enough left?" "Just as much as I have. Ellinger, whom you suppose to be my father, is no other than myself!" Sensation on the part of the noble amateur.

LOVERS of genuine English vocal part music will be pleased to hear that the London Glee and Madrigal Union intend giving concerts during the present season. The loss of their old and indefatigable secretary, Mr Edward Land, has been severely felt; but the place of that esteemed professor is now filled by Mr William Coates, who has every requisite for the adequate performance of the duties connected with it.

IN consequence of the death, at Barcelona, of her instructor and near relation, Signor de Abella (husband of Madame Angri), and one of the most renowned professors of his day, it was considered doubtful whether M^{lle} Zaré Thalberg would appear this season at Covent Garden. The popular and charming young artist, however, has arrived in London, and is to make her first appearance on Friday, May 3, as Zerlina, in *Don Giovanni*. She will be universally welcome; and, indeed, we could ill spare her.

CONCERTS VARIOUS.

Mr Otto Booth gave his third recital of violin music on Saturday last, at his residence, Chepstow Villas, Bayswater. The programme included, besides compositions of his own, Mendelssohn's Concerto and several compositions by Raff, Vieuxtemps, &c. Mr Booth's performance of Mendelssohn's Concerto deserves special mention, as also an *andante* from a sonata of his own, most expressively played. Miss Blanche Grosvenor sang with effect Mr Booth's setting of "Break, break, break," Sullivan's "Looking Back," and Barnby's "When the tide comes in." We must make the "amende honorable" to Mr Otto Booth for omitting his name as violinist in Hummel's and Beethoven's trios in our notice of Herr Schubert's concert at Londonderry House. He played on the same occasion the "Hungarian Dances" by Brahms, as arranged by Joachim.—A. B.

MISS PURDY, the young and clever vocalist who made a very successful *début* in the London concert-rooms a few seasons ago, and has just returned from Milan, where she has been studying during the winter, gave a "concert d'invitation" on Wednesday evening, April 18. That the young English contralto possesses a "voce bella" was proved in the two airs selected for the occasion, one from a new opera, *Dolores*, the other, "Nella fatal di Rimini" (*Lucrezia Borgia*). "I was much struck"—says a writer in the new journal, *London*—"by the progress Miss Purdy has made in her art, and am convinced that with perseverance she should take a very high position." M^{lles} Ida Corani, Emilia Chioni, Mr Drummond, Signor Bonetti, and Mr Shakespeare assisted in the programme.

An evening concert for the benefit of the Railway Benevolent Institution took place in the New Town Hall, Shoreditch, on Wednesday last. Its success was in no small degree due to the energy and business-like habits of Mr J. Clippingdale, a well-known musical amateur. A choir of upwards of sixty well-selected voices, under the direction of Mr Clippingdale, gave the National Anthem, part-songs by Henry Leslie, Barnby, Walter Macfarren, and J. Edwards, (under the direction of the composer), and Sir J. Benedict's "Hymn to Faith" (English version by Wellington Guernsey). The hariton solo was well sung by a young vocalist, Mr Brocklebarry. The hymn is worthy its composer. Mme Patey was "encored" in a new song, composed for her by Mr Clippingdale. Mme Elstoft, a young vocalist with a fresh contralto voice, sang Benedict's "Rock me to sleep" with deserved applause. Mr Barton McGuckin gave Mendelssohn's "German Spring Song," a "Rhenish Popular Song," and a new ballad by Mr Clippingdale (with accompaniment for the harp, played by Mr Cheshire), entitled "Let us part friends." In the instrumental part one of the most attractive pieces was Sir Julius Benedict's Andantino and Chopin's Posthumous Mazurka, arranged for four performers on two pianofortes, played by Miss Albert, Mrs J. Clippingdale, Mr W. Macfarren, and the composer. Mrs Clippingdale proved herself a pianist of merit by her performance, with Mr W. Macfarren, of a duet on *Les Huguenots* by G. A. Osborne, in a "Suite de Pieces" by Walter Macfarren, and Sir Julius Benedict's fantasia on Welsh airs. Mr John Cheshire played his new Irish fantasia on the harp (encored), and Mr Victor Gérard, amateur clarinet, gave Müller's fantasia on "Ah, come rapida." The concert ended with Mr Henry Leslie's arrangement of "The Lass of Richmond Hill," sung by the choir. Mr J. Clippingdale, Mr Walter Macfarren, and Sir Julius Benedict accompanied the vocal music.

MUSICAL ARTISTS' SOCIETY.—At the ninth trial of new compositions of the Musical Artists' Society, in the concert room of the Royal Academy of Music, on Saturday evening, the 14th inst., the programme consisted of a Trio for pianoforte, concertina, and violoncello in D minor, by Chas. Gardner; two Quartets for two violins, viola, and violoncello, the first by G. F. Gear, the second by J. Lea Summers, both in G minor; a Quintet for pianoforte, two violins, viola, violoncello, in E flat, by E. Fiori; a Prelude and Fugue in C minor, for pianoforte, by C. E. Read; "The Forest Hunters" (part song), by Charles E. Stephens; and songs by M'Dermott, C. C. Gilbert, E. Faning, Oliveria Prescott, and A. S. Cooper. The instrumentalists were Misses Turner and Burnett, Messrs Gardner and H. R. Bird (pianoforte), Mr Blagrove (concertina), Mr Ralph (first violin), Mr W. F. Parker (second violin), Mr Channell (viola), and Mr Pettit (violoncello). The solo vocalists were Misses Alice Askew and A. Butterworth, Messrs Towers and Jarrett. The part song, conducted by the composer, was rendered so well by Messrs Frost, King, Stilliard, Thornton, Moss, Hanson, Salisbury, De Lacy, and Hodgson, that they were called upon to repeat it. We shall now proceed to mention some of the compositions brought under our notice, and shall dip, as a friend of ours well suggested, our criticising pen in the ink of impartiality. The trio by Mr Charles Gardner was, to our mind, too long, owing no doubt to the sameness which pervaded the *motivo*, and which, let it be said, nevertheless, was worked out fluently enough, but lacked seriousness as a lengthened composition. Perhaps on a second hearing of Mr Gardner's trio, we might modify our criticism. The next piece on the programme was a song (MS.), "The stars are with the voyager," composed by M'Dermott. As a composition we have little to say; it is one of the every-day songs whose name is legion, and was sung by Miss Alice Askew, who possesses a feeble voice in tone and quality, but very sweet. A quartet for two violins, viola, and violoncello, in G minor, came next, and to this our attention was particularly fixed, as we were informed that it was from the pen of a gentleman—Mr G. F. Gear—young in years, but evidently, from what we hear about his compositions, far beyond his age in scientific musical lore. The first movement, an *allegro*, is well worked out, and possesses good, sound counterpoint. The next movement, an *andante cantabile*, is very graceful, with a sweet flowing melody prevailing throughout. The *scherzo* is perfectly original, and exceedingly melodious, the four instruments taking up the subject in imitation, which evidenced a clear knowledge of contrapuntal writing. The *finale allegro* is a clever winding-up to the whole composition, and elicited the warmest applause. We boldly predict for Mr G. F. Gear a prominent and distinguished position among the musical celebrities of the future. The Prelude and Fugue in C minor, for pianoforte, by Mr C. E. Read, is a masterly composition, and full justice was done to it by Mr H. R. Bird, whose touch on the pianoforte was clear and brilliant. A pretty song, but not very original in melody, by E. Faning, was sung by Miss A. Butterworth. This young lady possesses a fine

deep contralto voice, well in time, and showed evident traces of careful training and study. Mr Faning may congratulate himself upon having obtained such an accomplished interpreter. Some brilliant effects were produced by Signor Fiori in his Quintet, although the composition is occasionally rather diffuse. "If little flowers knew it" is a well-written song, by Miss O. Prescott, with the strange accompaniment of harp and clarinet, and two pleasing songs by A. S. Cooper were well sung by Mr Jarrett. The programme concluded with a clever and very interesting quartet, by Mr J. Lea Summers. We noticed several musical notabilities present on this occasion, amongst the well tried veterans, Sir John Goss, Mr Händel Gear, and others of repute.—A. B.

THERE was a large audience at the Langham Hall on Wednesday, when Mr Alfred Gilbert and Mme Gilbert gave "An evening with Franz Schubert." The following programme was listened to with the utmost attention:—

Trio, in E flat, Adagio from Nocturne, Op. 148, violin—Herr Rosenthal, violoncello—Herr Lutgen, pianoforte—Mr Albert Gilbert; Song, "Ave Maria," Mme Gilbert; Song, "The Wanderer," Mr Stanley Smith; Sonata, quasi Fantasia in G, Op. 78, pianoforte—Mr Alfred Gilbert; Song, "Thine is my heart," *Maid of the Mill*, Miss Katie Gilbert (her first appearance); Song, "The Erl King," Mr Wilbye Cooper; Melodies, "L'attente," "Berceuse," violoncello—Herr Lutgen; Songs, "Wandering," "Whither," *Maid of the Mill*, Miss Alice Askew; Songs, "Good Night," "The Post," *The Winter Journey*, Mr J. L. Wadmore; Sonata, in A minor, No. 2, Op. 137, pianoforte—Mr Alfred Gilbert, and violin—Herr Rosenthal; Grand Trio, in B flat, Op. 99, violin—Herr Rosenthal, violoncello—Herr Lutgen, pianoforte—Mr Alfred Gilbert.

The talents of the concert-givers are too well known to need a long description, suffice it that both Mr and Mme Gilbert sustained the reputation they have acquired and held for many years, and which they justly merit. A feature of the evening was the appearance in public of a daughter of the concert-givers, to whom was entrusted the song from the *Maid of the Mill*, "Thine is my heart." The youthful *débütante* went through the ordeal successfully, the audience unanimously "calling" her back to the platform, and, at the conclusion of her expressive rendering of the song, warmly applauded her. Mr Alfred and Mme Gilbert's next evening with "The Classics of the Pianoforte" is announced for Wednesday, May 9th.

MR AGUILAR's performance of pianoforte music, at 17, Gloucester Crescent, Hyde Park, on Monday last consisted of:—Sonata Pastorale (Beethoven); Chrestana, a dramatic and romantic piece (Aguilar); Tarantelle (Thalberg); Nocturne, in D flat (Chopin); Sonata, in C minor (Aguilar); Lieder ohne Worte (Mendelssohn); Fantasia on Scotch Airs (Aguilar); Walhall, transcription (Wagner-Liszt); Last Look, romance, and Bolero (Aguilar).

The Committee of the Leipsic Gewandhaus Concerts have presented Mme Paschka-Leutner with a bracelet, in token of their high appreciation of her services. The bracelet bears inscribed on it the old Gewandhaus motto: "Res severa est verum gaudium."

WE WILL RESCUE THEM OR DIE.

Cheer, brave hearts, for we are coming,
Tho' in darkness, never fear;
Tho' death's terrors seem to threaten,
Courage yet, for help is near.
English hearts shrink not from danger,
While we're working, hear the cry—
Our brave comrades shall not perish,
We will rescue them or die.

Willing hearts and hands are striving,
Manfully we'll fight to save,
Never rest till we release you.
Shall the mine become your grave?
Shall the rushing waters daunt us?
Are we fearful? Hear the cry—
Our brave comrades shall not perish,
We will rescue them or die.

Now in safety from the darkness,
Rest awhile, the goal is won;
Sav'd are husbands now and fathers,
And the widow clasps her son.
For humanity we venture—
Heav'n approving, heard the cry—
Our brave comrades shall not perish,
We will rescue them or die. S. P. HOWELL.

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PROVINCIAL.

BIRMINGHAM.—On Monday, April 23rd, the Philharmonic Union, with full band and chorus, under the conductorship of Dr Heap, gave Haydn's *Creation*. The principal singers were Miss Carina Clelland, Mr Harper Kearton, and Mr Hilton.

BELFAST.—The annual "Harp Festival" came off on the 9th inst., and drew a crowded audience to Ulster Hall. So successful was the performance that the programme was repeated next night to an equally large auditory. Miss Meenan (pupil of M^{me} Sainton), was the vocalist, Mr John Cheshire, solo harpist, and Mr Walter Newport, conductor.

BLACKHEATH.—The Blackheath Musical Society conducted by Mr G. F. Geanssent, gave an evening concert on the 23rd inst., in the gymnasium, Dacre Park. The chorus was good and the orchestra, led by Mr F. Amor, effective and complete. Amongst other orchestral works Dr. F. Hiller's cantata, *A Song of victory*, was given with Mad. Wynne as solo soprano. Mr W. H. Cummings gave several pieces with his wonted success. Miss Bolingbroke sang, "Lord, to Thee" (*Theodora*), Handel, and "Fanciulle, che il core," Meyerbeer, and Mr W. Webster, jun., Haydn's air, "With joy," from the *Seasons*. Mr Geanssent played two movements from Sterndale Bennett's concerto in F minor, and Mr John Cheshire a harp solo (encored). The programme, though long, was much enjoyed.

LEYTON.—A concert, under distinguished patronage, took place in the Grammar School, on Monday, for the benefit of the local charities, under the conductorship of Sir Julius Benedict. Several amateurs and professional ladies and gentlemen assisted. Mr Savage sang, "Total Eclipse," and with Mr H. Pope, Massini's duet for tenor and bass, "The Muletter;" Miss Lillian Roscoe "Sweet village bells" (J. W. Davison); Miss C. Penna, "The Mocking Bird," and with Mr Penna, the duet, "Tell me where is fancy bred;" the latter also sang John Barnett's "Farewell to the mountain." A pupil of Sir Julius Benedict (Miss Albert) played Liszt's "Rhapsodie Hongroise" so effectively that it was re-demanded, but she gave instead Gotschalk's "Pasquinade." Miss Albert was also called upon to repeat the same author's caprice, "The Banjo," and substituted a "Valse Caprice," by Wollenhaupt. Misses Ellen de Fonblanque, Jessy Jones, and M^{me} Matilda were the other vocalists. The vocal music was accompanied by Sir Julius Benedict.

TO DR HUEFFER.

SIR,—Anaximenes was master of Anaximander, just as Anaxagoras was disciple of Anaximenes. The late J. Cohan, a pianist, who, as Wagner might say, "perished in mechanics," wrote three concertos—No. 1, in G minor, which he half baptised "Anagoras"; No. 2, in F minor, which he baptised "Anaximenes"; and No. 3, in E minor, which he christened "Anaximander." This was his notion of encircling the square, which Académus will tell you is impossible, though Theophrastus Bombastes Paracelsus held a divergent opinion. Yours, Sir,

Circus Square, April 24.

STEPHEN ROUND.

WAIFS.

The first performance of *Sylvia* at Vienna is postponed till autumn.

Herr Langenbach's Orchestra will, on their way to St Petersburg, give three concerts at Berlin.

M^{lle} Cécile Mézeray has made a successful *début*, as Rosine, in *Il Barbiere*, at the Théâtre-Lyrique.

According to a German paper, the number of subscribers at the Theatre Royal, Dresden, amounts to—three!

A new tenor, Chennévière, has been engaged at the Opéra-Comique. Fourteen tenors have appeared at the Théâtre-Italien.

Herr Moritz Karasowski has published two volumes on Chopin, entitled: *Chopin, sein Leben und seine Werke*. (Dresden: Ries.)

The late M. Edmond de Coussemaeker's library was sold the week before last at Brussels. M. Wekerlin purchased several works for the Paris Conservatory.

Miss Minnie Hauk will shortly sing at the Théâtre de la Monnaie, Brussels. She has not signed any engagement for next season at the Royal Operahouse, Berlin.

Signor Francesco Lamperti, the Nestor of singing masters in Italy, who numbers among his pupils Albani, Stolz, Waldmann, Campanini, Collini, &c., is expected in Paris very shortly.

Herr Hans von Bülow, who since his return from America has been stopping in Hanover, has completely recovered from the nervous illness which temporarily prostrated him.

Why do young men leave the farm? Because a farm is a cumbrous and inconvenient thing for a young man to take along with him.

ELENCH.—It was but a short month ago that he promised to love, cherish, and protect her, and yesterday morning, when she asked whether she should split up the head of the flour barrel, or steal an armful of kindling from the back door of their next neighbour, he rolled over with his face to the wall, and told her to go to thunder.

M. Gabriel Faure succeeds M. Th. Dubois as chapel-master at the Madeleine, in consequence of the latter's promotion to the post of chief organist, formerly held by M. Saint-Saëns.

As M^{lle} Sangalli, of the Grand-Opéra, was leaving the Théâtre-Italien, a short time since, the horse of her brougham took fright. Vehicle smashed, horse killed. The lady unhurt.

M. Jules de Swert, the violoncellist, has been playing at Stuttgart and Vienna. In the former capital the King of Wurttemberg conferred on him the Officers' Cross of the Frederic Order.

After ten years' engagement at the Theatre Royal, Dresden, M^{me} Kainz-Prause joins the company at the Stadttheater, Cologne, with an annual salary of 22,000 marks, and four months' leave.

Pépita, by M. L. Delahaye, and *Bathylle*, by M. W. Chaumet, will be produced at the Paris Opéra-Comique in the early part of next month, and conjointly alternate in the bills with *Cinq-Mars*.

The catalogue of the library of the late M. Fétis contains 1,000 pages, and gives an account of more than 7,300 works, some of them interesting both to musicians and bibliographers. The library was purchased some time ago by the Belgian government.

It is reported that Dr Hans von Bülow and M^{me} Annette Essipoff are both coming very shortly to swell the catalogue of our summer foreign pianists. How these eminent artists will find occasion for the public exhibition of their talents remains to be seen.

Herr Moriz Rosenthal, a pupil of M. Anton Rubinstein's, died lately in Moscow. Born at Prague in 1849, he was, through the influence of M. Nikolans Rubinstein, appointed director of the Imperial Conservatory of Music in Saratow, but ill health obliged him to settle in Moscow.

The following is a complete list of the late Enrico Petrella's operas: *Il Diavolo color di Rosa*, *Il Giorno delle Nozze*, *Pulcinello Morto e non Morto*, *Cimodocea*, *Scrocco*, *I Pirate Spagnuoli*, *Le Miniere di Freimberg*, *Le Pracauzioni*, *Elena di Tolosa*, *Marco Visconti*, *L'Assedio di Leida*, *Jone*, *Il Duca di Scilla*, *La Morosina*, *La Virginia*, *Il Foletto di Grezy*, *La Contessa d'Amalfi*, *Celinda*, *Caterina Howard*, *Giovanna di Napoli*, *Bianco Orsini*, *Manfredo*, and *I promessi Sposi*. To these must be added an unperformed work, *La Fata di Pozzuoli*, and another recently begun—*Salambô*.

A correspondent, who read the note in our last number on Cathedral Organs, says that Norwich may lay claim to having the smallest organ in our English Cathedrals. There are ten stops in the Great Organ, six in the Choir, five in the Swell, and one on the Pedal. Open Diapason to GGG. Compass of Manuals, GG to F. Swell only to tenor c, the lower octave and a half acting on the Choir Manual. Twenty-six draw-stops in all. Pedals, one octave and a half, from GG to tenor c. From its position on the screen it is wonderfully effective for so small an instrument. It is not improbable, we are told, that at no distant period this little organ may give place to a new and more extensive instrument.—Choir.

At the last Philharmonic Concert a young violinist, M. Paul Viardot, son of the celebrated dramatic singer, M^{me} Pauline Viardot-Garcia, created a marked sensation by his performance of Mendelssohn's concerto, showing himself a worthy scion of an illustrious family. On the same occasion the C minor Symphony of Johannes Brahms (to which we have more than once referred) was played. About this event, however, the first concert given by the New Philharmonic Society, and the resumption of the performances of the Bach Society, we must take an early opportunity of speaking, in an article relating exclusively to concerts.

THE MEMORIAL TO JOHN OXENFORD.—When it was announced that Oxenford had become a convert to Catholicism, says the London correspondent of the *Freeman's Journal*, people could not at first credit it. It will be remembered that he was a profound German scholar, and thoroughly acquainted with all the strong points of materialism. Soon after the death of Oxenford, a committee was formed to erect a memorial. The original proposal, as I hear, was to erect a stained glass window in the Catholic cathedral of Southwark. Then came the question whether the stained glass window in the cathedral would meet the requirements of the case, and it was felt that some more national memorial should be put up. I hear that not only will the statue be erected in Drury Lane Theatre, near Shakspeare and Balfe, but that the cathedral in Southwark will be enriched by a memorial window.—*Catholic Standard*.

ROME.—The lion of the day here is the newly discovered phenomenal vocalist, Fra Giovanni, a Franciscan friar. He possesses a most magnificent tenor, and would certainly make a great fortune on the stage. Immediately the news of his wonderful voice got bruited about, he was visited by several managers, who made him the most tempting offers. Intelligence of this having been conveyed to the Pope, the latter sent for him and offered him a very respectable sum to give up all idea of an operatic career. The result is that Fra Giovanni has remained true to his order. He is now singing at the church Delle Stemmata, which is crowded to suffocation by persons anxious to hear him. Father Giovanni, we learn from *L'Italia*, was born at Lecca. He has not been in Rome more than two years, and it is only since then that he has learnt music. He is a fine man, built like a Hercules, and is thirty-five years old. When the liquidators took possession of the monastery of Ara Cœli, he found a home with Cardinal Alfieri, who gave him a room in his palace. Fra Pier Battista, organist of the monastery in question, who nearly always accompanies Father Giovanni, says that this new Rubini can always take the high C with the greatest ease, and, when in voice, go up to D flat. Tamberlik is, therefore, surpassed by a fraction.

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